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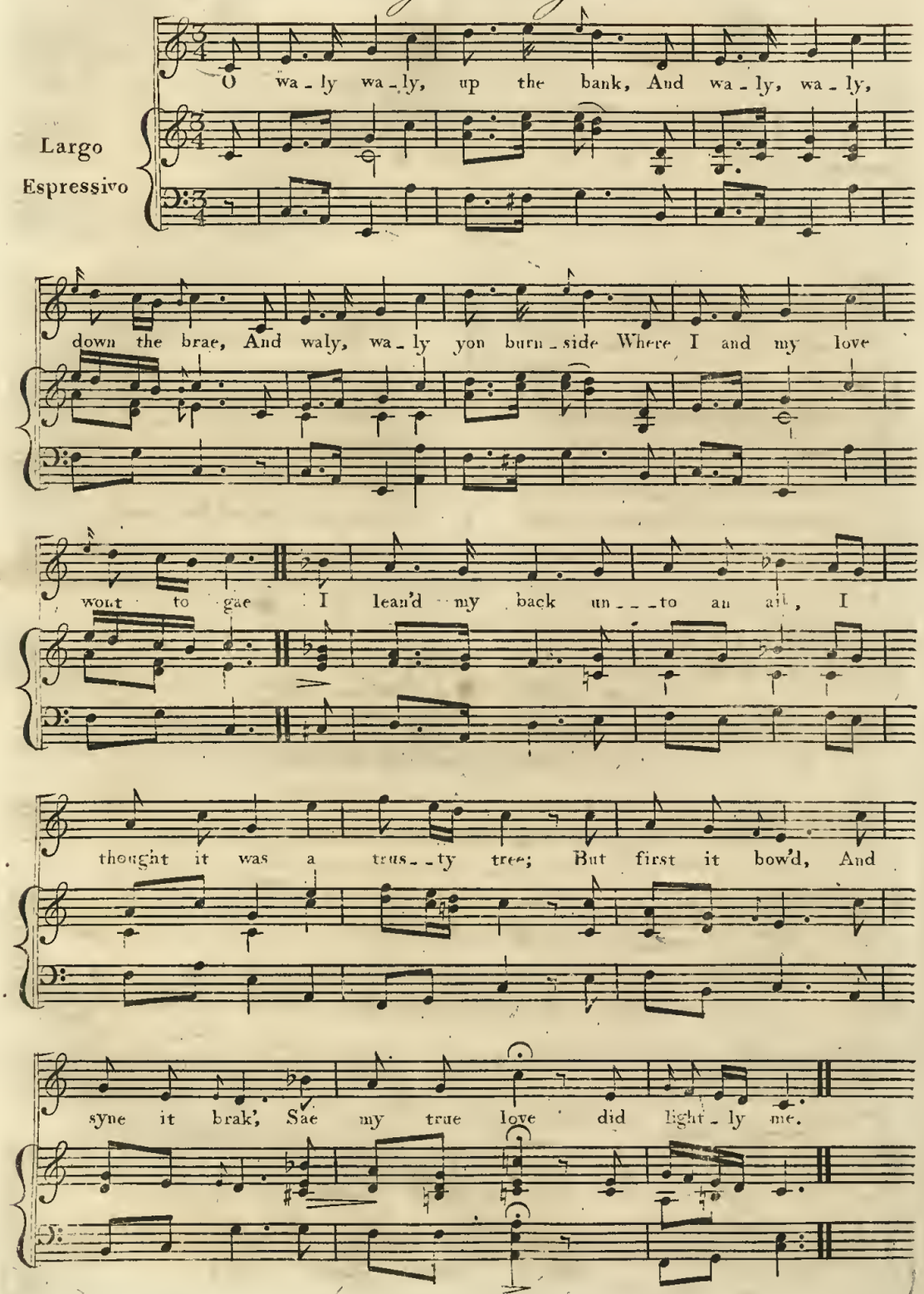
Waly Waly.



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WALY, WALY.

O WALY, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, down the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly me.

Waly, waly, love is bonnie,
A little time, while it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head?
And wherefore should I kaim my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now ARTHUR'S Seat* shall be my bed,
The bridal bed I ne'er shall see;
SAINT ANTON'S Well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the sear leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
And tak' a life that wearies me?

* A hill near EDINBURGH.

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